THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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College Distinctions No. 2.

IT has long been a complaint, often repeated by the historian and moralist, that man in his principles and practice is rather subject to the influence of habit, than directed by the impulse of judgment and reason. For its truth, there is no necessity of referring to the memory of the past,—the present will amply suffice. It needs but a cursory view of human life to see that its whole machinery, with here and there a happy exception, moves onward with nearly the same tiresome monotony as if constructed upon the principles and obedient to the laws of mechanical powers; and when once the mighty engine is put in motion, driven onward by passion and prejudice and the obstinacy of long confirmed predilections, it regards no rule except the laws of matter, and no argument but physical force.—Its motto is—onward, and that with a velocity increased by every proposal of reform; and its path, the beaten and tiresome one trod in the days of old. Well did the preacher declare in the sadness of his heart, "that which has been is now; and there is no new thing under the sun."

Whether this slavish adherence to the "traditions of the Elders" is productive of more evil than good, is not our purpose to enquire. It is sufficient to know, that it exists, and exerts a tremendous influence upon the principles of practical life,—and the more to be guarded as it works altogether in secret and is nevertheless effectual in securing its end. We only ask, that in deciding upon the question before us, it may not interrupt the conclusion, whatever it be, to which a fair and dispassionate discussion shall eventually lead.

Reasons were given in a former number for the belief there expressed, that College Distinctions were not only absolutely worthless, but exceedingly pernicious, when viewed with respect to their influence on the improvement of moral and intellectual powers,—the two great purposes of education. We are well aware that, however conclusively the arguments might establish this point, there is an apparent dilemma in reconciling it with some admitted, or at least uncontradicted facts in regard to the influence of ambition when restrained by moderate limits. "Shall we never be allowed to rouse the minds of our tardy youth by telling them of the achievements of other men in the arts and sciences, by pointing them to a Newton, a Milton, or a Washington? And what is this but an appeal to their ambition?" But a moments examination must be sufficient to detect the fallacy in this argument. This method of calling into action an ambitious spirit lies open to scarcely a single objection brought against College Distinctions. It could not be the means of chilling the efforts of some for the sake of warming those of others,—of producing a degree of effort that should prostrate the vigor of mind and body, as it could be used discretionarily,—of producing a degree of effort that should prostrate the vigor of mind and body, as it could be urged discretionarily,—of using a bad standard of attainment, and finally nourishing those passions which are so many deadly vipers in the bosom of their miserable possessor. Consequently upon the supposition that such appeals to the ambition are entirely harmless, it cannot militate against the position which we have taken.

But there is another argument, which is virtually the same as the one above, yet under a more specious form, that is urged in justification of the principle which we are endeavouring to combat. It is said, "that the student will have temptations at every step of his life after leaving College through the medium of ambitions, and if he cannot endure them in his preparatory studies, what will he do when he actually comes upon the stage of action! The inference therefore is, that he should be subject to those temptations during his college course, that he may be prepared to encounter them in after life." There are two or three considerations which I apprehend will set this argument, and the one to which we have already partially replied, in their true light.

1. It proceeds upon a false assumption, that there is an analogy or resemblance between College Distinctions and those conditions in after life that address motives to a love of eminence, when in reality they widely differ both in regard to the charccter and extent of their influence. Could it be made to appear that literary men, after entering upon the duties of a professional life, were as much exposed to the evil effects of a cherished ambition, as the youthful student in his preparatory course, the argument, though then inconclusive, would be nearer the point. But far from this is the truth. Youth renders the latter peculiarly exposed to

the deceitful influeuce of a warm and passionate heart on the one hand, and less guarded by the want of an experienced and mature mind on the other. He is now moreover associated with equals or nearly so, in age and talents, many of whom are ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and all perfectly acquainted with the comparative merit of the members of their respective classes. His reputation for scholarship during the first stages of his education, he is well aware will most likely attend him through life, especially among his companions and classmates; and the question whether he attains the first rank is absolute and final,—admitting of no repeal when decided, affording no chance "to try again." He is therefore wrought up to a kind of desperation which is utterly reckless of consequences in attaining its end, or driven to the other extreme of hopelessness and despair. In either case the evils which follow are the most pernicious in their nature and tendency. The one leaving its unhappy possessor to the mischievous influence of idleness and vagrancy, and an utter abandonment of persevering effort for high intellectual attainment; the other arousing from their slumberous dormitory the whole train of passions that have been appropriately denominated "the storms and tempests and hurricanes of the soul."

Now the circumstances of the professional man are such as to render the influence which ambition exerts, widely different from these in character and degree. He is not so easily stimulated with passion or blown away with the gilded visions of hope. His judgment is now mature and better able to decide in regard to those courses to which his more ample experience shall point. He is not brought immediately into the bosom of his competitors, when a constant comparison between relative merit is the unavoidable result, and if he should be found inferior in any particular branches of his profession, he is at liberty to pursue that best adapted to his genius in the prospect of ample reward, without "spitting brimstone" at a hated rival. The student's course is marked out; he excels then, or not at all. The former, moreover, if unsuccessful in his first attempt to secure the eminence at which he aims, is not deprived of a second, or third, or as many trials as he desires; and is consequently free from that distracting anxiety which might otherwise give a different complexion to the character of his mind. But the student can see but one Valedictory and one opportunity for trying to grasp it. His efforts and anxiety will therefore, be proportionally great; and should he finally fail, his disappointment is intolerable beyond endurance. Unless moral and religious principle be in vigorous exercise, what can he do but harbor vengeance against the honest disposers of distinctions; or utter words of dark and portentous omen, setting in dejected sadness; or indulge hatred towards those for whom he ought to cherish feelings of the warmest attachment and love; or finally brood in silence over his blasted honors, with that envy he so often exhibited to others, recoiling like a serpent upon the heart that warmed and nourished it into life and maturity. * * * * "Yet if he cannot bear such an ordeal what will he do with his ambition in subsequent life."—As if we should scorch a man to death in an oven, to try his ability to endure the comparatively mild heat of a torrid clime!!

2. But I have yet to learn that, upon the ground the ultimate consequences are not pernicious, but on the whole salutary, there is any warrant for doing that which is wrong in its very nature and universally condemned by its fruits. The doctrine of "doing evil that good may come," has far less advocates in principle, than in practice. Whatever may become of a person in professional life, even should he be consumed by the blaze of ambition, it affords no palliation for inducing that train of evils always attendant upon passion.

3. But admiting for the sake of argument, that there is an exact analogy between the influence excited by the distinctions of which we are speaking, and the field opened for the display of professional eminence in after life; and that "the end sanctifies the means," so that it is morally right to cultivate that passion which transformed an Angel of light into a Spirit of darkness, what claim, we demand, upon such grounds, have they to a place in our halls of learning. That their influence there is altogether pernicious, in our poor apprehension, has already been settled. But according to the argument, it is "that the youth, being subject to their influence during college course, may be prepared to endure it with safety in after life." It is then a fact, that the passion for fame by indulgence and gratification is quieted into rest; or does it become more clamorous and impertinent by every successive particle administered to its demand? Would it be a judicious course if a person wished to guard the youthful mind against the influence of this spirit when it shall have grown to maturity, to call it into exercise in the early instructions given it, and draw from thence motives to industrious application? This would be the most direct way of rendering it more subject to its dangerous dominion, as the passion would "grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength." And

yet College Distinctions are spoken of, *as if they prepared the mind to endure or resist without injury this strong principle of the soul!* What kind of a preparative would the habitual use of intoxicating drinks be against the temptations to dissipation and excess? Or skill in gaming, against an enticement to try the favor of fortune with a pack of cards! Instead of being a reason therefore for the existence of this relic of heathen days in our institutions, the fact that every condition in life addresses motives to a love of distinction, *is the very cause why it should be blasted in the bud and never suffered to arrive at maturity.* Of this point, the argument is a conclusive and unanswerable proof!

We have thus examined the argument, or rather palliative, with more attention and at greater length than it may perhaps appear to some to deserve; but it merits attention if for no other reason on account of its origin. We now leave the subject with the hope that these pièces may "blow up," or be "blown up," according to the true interest of their evil or good deserts. CRITIQUE.

Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can,
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' every ither man,
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection. BURNS.

THE road that leads to human grandeur has been variously defined. Every man has a plan marked out for himself, in the pursuance of which, he expects to enjoy happiness, and these plans are as widely at variance as the individuals who form them. There is but a small part of the community, however, who do not expect or desire to attain, or at least to make bold approaches towards the summit of the temple of fame. In many cases, the plans which they adopt, as best calculated to secure terrestrial felicity, are the same that allure the aspirant for popular applause. The vast majority, however, of an enlightened community, measure their happiness by their popularity. To acquire for ourselves this favorable opinion of others, so that, while on the one hand, we shall manifest such a spirit of sympathy as will make their wrongs ours, gladden us with the sound of their prosperity, and open their hearts to our counsels, and on the other, preserve that black-letter dignity, which the grave philosopher claims as his due, and which is a very necessary ingredient in the character of him who courts "a fancied life in others' breath," is perhaps that to which no system of rules whatever can direct us, even though they exceed in prolixity the celebrated instruction of Lord Chesterfield to his son. In a case of this kind, a few single principles are worth more than volumes of particular directions. Men nevertheless are very far from unanimity with regard to these single principles. One would commend the stern integrity and inflexible manners of Cato, while to another, that unhesitating compliance with the wishes of the populace, and that fawning deportment, calculated to win the affections of all with whom we are brought in contact, which are prominent traits in the character of the demagogue, appear to be the most plausible and promising rule of action. To say nothing however of these, there is one characteristic which, in my apprehension, exerts an influence far beyond what the mass of mankind impute to it. It is the reserve which men put on in their intercourse with each other.

That which men easily understand, is divested of all imposing grandeur, while what is shrouded in mystery becomes the venerable object of adoration. The phosphoric appearance, resembling the light of a feeble taper, which is often seen hanging over the lonely grave-yard, or in the gloomy vaults of the dead, while it remained unaccounted for, was the subject of terror and consternation. Not only the simple matron who hears the warning of death borne on every breeze, and discovers the indisputable proofs of approaching calamity in the bewildered visions of midnight, or the urchin, to whose disordered imagination, every object, shrouded in darkness, presents the pallid aspect of the ghost, and whose sense of hearing, perverted through fear, converts the innocent but dismal screech of the owl into the wild laugh of a demon, but even the sensible, tho' unphilosophic part of the community have long considered these appearances with astonishment. They have been the subject of conversation in the evening circle, where every thing that is marvellous is noticed in its turn; and even those who, from ignorance, affected to deny the reality of them, were confounded by the weight of evidence produced in favor of their actual existence. But when science removed the cloudy mist from the human eye, entered the chambers of the dead and explored the tomb, mankind, released from the shackles of superstitious fear, no longer saw misfortune and death portrayed in the lurid gas light. Instead of the harbinger of woe, sent by the miraculous interposition of divine providence, they saw the phosphoric vapour, which constitutes a part of the human bone, collected over the source from whence it sprang. As in the physical, so in the moral world, our fearful and superstitious amazement vanishes when we make the object which caused it the subject of

successful investigation. Till that time, it possesses all the majesty which inscrutable principles can bestow upon it. While ignorant of the character and manners of some great man—while deprived by our circumstances and situation of every degree of familiarity with him, we view him, at a distance, as a superior being, who

> "Doth bestride the narrow world,
> "Like a Collossus; and we petty men
> "Walk under his huge legs and peep about,
> "To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

But when in the course of providence we become familiarly acquainted with him, have the means of judging of his abilities and understand his manners, our admiration of his greatness ceases, and we find him subject to like passions with others, and a prey to the common weakness of human nature. Familiarity removes the wide distance which we supposed to exist between ourselves, and those of a more exalted rank, and, like the fox in the fable, who trembled through fear when he first saw the lion, approached a little nearer to him the second time, and the third familiarly shook hands with him, we can consider them as private or public friends, and even venture to enter on the scale of equality with them. But there are some whom we cannot thus approach, and they are those upon whom we look with a reverential awe, not because they are superhuman, but in consequence of their reserve of character. Let all, who wish for stations of eminence, look at the course pursued by those who have attained an elevated rank in the community, and as like causes produce the same effects, if they are not naturally far inferior to them, they may cherish the hope if they pursue the same means, that they will obtain the same ends. A studied reserve of character is the only point of which we treat at present, and this has ever formed an essential part of human greatness. In the military officer this is indispensable.—The general, who has not sufficient skill to keep others in ignorance of his intended movements, will invariably find his plans of operation thwarted. Life itself resembles a warfare. When we make others participants of our designs, we cut off that retreat which every one finds it necessary, more or less frequently in life, to make. When a man's plans become the common topic of conversation in society, he is at once, to all intents and purposes, placed on a level with every one in community, and all feel at liberty to broach with him the most delicate subjects; on the contrary, when the veil of reserve, or even of dissimulation is cast over him, he at once removes at a distance the impertinence of youth and the inquisitiveness of age. His motives no longer lay open to the attack of every stripling and old woman in the community, and should he become the subject of remarks, as to a certain extent every one must, he regards them as little as he does the summer evening croaking of the amphibious musicians of the fen, and that for the simple reason that his reserve has put him beyond the reach of those, who, from an intolerable excess of public spirit, attend to any thing rather than his own business.

But it may be said that a man, from an open and ingenuous confession of all his purposes, can more readily avail himself of the opinions and advice of others, and shape his course to the character of the times. There are a few conditions in life, when the advice of one or two experienced and judicious friends may be salutary and even necessary; but if to gain the advice of these, a man must throw himself open to the multitude, he purchases his counsel at a dear rate. The instance, where a man can open his bosom to his friends, and, at the same time, as effectually exclude the eyes of the world, as if there were not upon earth a participant of his thoughts, and so rare, that all, who attempt it, have before them a fearful improbability of success. But why should a man need the advice of others at all? In the majority of cases, when the judgment of others is necessary, his situation is the result of his own want of reserve. Far am I from commending that cold and indifferent reserve, which would render the whole mass of mankind entirely incongruent, a world of heartless strangers; but in avoiding Scylla, we are not, as a necessary consequence, obliged to plunge into Charybdis.—Do I make myself the enemy of another, because I do not place myself entirely at his mercy? The aged claim, as their prerogative, the right to ask every man his business—the gossip reports the business of others, without making, in any case, any previous enquiry. A prudent reserve, as it regards these, is to a man's character, what a bottle of chlorine is to his health, when breathing the sickly atmosphere of an Italian marsh. Whether regard is to be had to our quietude or greatness of life, the only safe course is that which is labelled "*caution.*" A man may be cautious in disclosing his intentions to others, yet at the same time he descends from his dignified concealment. Three fourths of our venerable esteem for the great arises from our ignorance of their manners and characters, and whoever aims at distinction in life, will find but few distinctions, if any, productive of more benefit, than the single direction to maintain a studied reserve.

MISENUS.

——————Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes.

If the scientific attainments or the literary taste and refinement of a people were to be estimated by the number of essayists engaged, or the variety and quantity of their writings, instead of the subjects discussed and the diction employed, surely there has been no period of time since "Adam's fall" which can claim a higher regard, or be entitled to a more conspicuous rank of merit in the annals of the Historian, or deserve less censure from the pen of the Satyrist, than the one in which we live. In a country so classick, so refined, and withal so wise, as is this region at the present day, one may well feel the weakness of his own abilities in attempting to become a fellow laborer among that host of writers, composed of the young and the aged, the learned and the unlearned, the wise and the unwise, who have, indiscriminately, made a mighty rush for the pinnacle of poetical and prosaical fame. Notwithstanding our beloved country is at peace with all others, and we as a people are united and happy as could have been expected by our sage ancestors, the political writers who formerly figured amongst us with their "demons of party," having been swept from the arena which they occupied with so much effect, "pomp and circumstance," and consigned to the "tomb of the capulets"—leaving behind them a state of things which might emphatically be ycleped the "era of good feelings"—still, notwithstanding all these, the rage for writing "to appear in print" far exceeds all precedent.

I have been a reader of the Undergraduate since its establishment, and judging from the matter which semi-monthly appears in its columns, although writings of a political character have been totally rejected by the good sense of its editors, which not commonly are found in the papers of the day, and frequently carried to such a degree of "warmth of feeling," in behalf of the party which they are advocating, as to render them very unpalatable to many—still, writings of such a cast being indulged, as do not only by their superficial brilliancy dazzle every imagination, but also have a tendency to blunt the discernment of almost every intellect which attempts to examine the invisible profundities and the arcana which lie concealed within, (perhaps the perception of some of our coworkers are more steeled than others) we are led to the conclusion, that they who with considerate diligence and midnight watchings have been the authors of these productions, and have toiled with good "intents and purposes" should, in simple justice, receive a due share of that panegyrick which ought at all times to be conferred upon the virtuous and the deserving.

It is not our purpose at the present time to notice in detail a multitude of scribblers, formed as it would seem of "pilgrims of hope from every clime alike wanting principles and bread," but our remarks will be confined to two or three of them. A writer who styles himself the Green Mountain, appears to have taken the lead in miscellaneous subjects, while Hopeless, Cornelia, and Timothy Tell-tale have followed in the chase with "crippled limb and angry yell"

——————"Who in despite
Of nature, and their stars, *will* write."

This Mr. G. M. we should judge to be a young man unaccustomed to newspaper writing, as his sentences are evidently formed for the eye of the critick, or the ear of the fanciful, rather than with a view to "reclaim the wandering, or confirm the doubtful." He is however a belleslettres scholar, professing talents and genius of no ordinary cast, and all that is wanting to entitle him to a rank among the ablest writers of the day is application to his labors. It has been the case in all ages and countries, that as a man of exalted genius, by the splendor of his talents, casts a shade over inferior merits, he subjects himself to the shafts of malevolence and contemporary jealousies. Envy, the handmaid of ignorance, being blind, she has no other quality than that of detracting from talent and virtue; and

"Thence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent swallows up the rest."

When a work is bedecked with many beauties, the great and the good will not cavil at a few faults in it, whether they proceed from negligence or the imperfections of our nature, and that there are many beauties in the writings of Mr. Green Mountain, readers of good taste, of sound heads and honest hearts, will readily admit. Nor will usefulness of subject, soundness of argument, or elegance of style, shield one from attack, for

"——Though o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still and scribblers write."

Whether his brother White will accord with him in all of his suggestions, we are wholly unable to say. But this much we can with safety affirm, whether it be to our detriment or his, or both, that if a little *plainer* description had been given respecting the *modest* government to which the pupils of that modern nunnery with which he is so sorely vexed, are subjected both in and out of doors, annexed with a few thoughts how to *remedy* the evil, he would have stood ninety-nine chances out of hundred a to gain over the old

gentleman, and perhaps, by a few timely admonitions, have been able to have effected an innovation without extreme injury to either party, and thus have diminished the monastic rigidness of the governesses, and aided the fair scribblerinas in tasting the refined employments of sentimental, confidential, and soul-breathing correspondence. Timothy Tell-tale claims our attention next, who indeed, like the Jackdaw in the fable, appears in the borrowed plume of the Peacock. But this writer when stripped of his borrowed dress, has no title either for "rhyme or reason," or for literary attainments. He without either of these prerequisites has attempted a sort of satire upon Mr. No-Body alias Some-Body. But as his "leaden wings" will not permit him to soar with the babbler, he with the characteristicks of a Thersitis or an Iago, endeavours to bring all things down to a level with himself. In this he has added but another proof of the force and jusiness of the Poet's remark when he says,

> "Some can neither for wits, nor anticks pass,
> As———"

every one knows the rest. Cornelia, one of the Cis-atlantick daughters of Eve, deserves a passing notice. In point of egotism, biting sarcasm, and contemptuous jealousy, she surpasses all within the circle of our acquaintance.—Would that our pen were dipped in the empyreal fire of heaven, that we might paint in "living colors" the throbs in every part of our "animal frame" when her epistles came to our notice. To see her so grievously afflicted by that unwelcome guest who visited her in every street and nook of the town!—exercising so much maternal care over the customs and manners of the young, (and surely we know not but what she extends her observation to the middle aged and the hoary headed) who care nothing for her. Oh! we were completely overwhelmed for the moment, with ardent emotions of pity and regret. But our passions cooled gradually, and we are more pacified at the present time, than would have been possible, if she had not favored us with an explanation. We would, however, advise her to beware of breaking that divine command, "use thy neighbor as thyself," and should most readily accord to her the disgrace consequent to this violation of the principles of honor, notwithstanding the delicacy with which it would be attended—nay more, we would express ourselves to her in the positive and nervous language of the Poet,

> "O, lost to honor's voice, O, doom'd to shame!
> Thou fiend accursed, thou murderer of fame!"

But lastly, though not the least in point of shamelessness and impudence, comes Ichabod Hopeless. We should imagine him to be playing the treble to cousin Tim's tune of criticism and satire. But while we give him credit for his flashes of wit, it is but just that we record our disapprobation of his use of those talents—for

> "'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
> As foplings grin to show their teeth are white."

We would here observe that we are alike ignorant of the *real* names of those persons who have been the subject of this note, so that on the one side we entertain neither "envy, malice or hatred," nor on the other "fear, favor, affection or hope of reward," but have represented things truly as they have come to our knowledge. We reverence that divine edict as well in literary pursuits as in pecuniary, "to render unto Caesar the things which are Cesar's," regardless of the frowns of the plagiarist or the twitterings of the ape.—

> "Nor would we court applause in these degenerate days,
> For the villain's censure is extorted praise." JOE HART.

To my Friend "Piper,"

Of the Philadelphia Casket.

Dear Piper, how art thou?
With health I will start now;
For if thou art ailing,
(To save me a railing
And thyself from despair,)
Prythee! stop with all care.
I've conn'd o'er your "*song*,"
And sigh'd o'er it long,
As it richly portrayed
The mischievous maid,
Whom we did revere,
Whom —another calls "*dear*."
Now, Jim, if you will be
So cruelly silly,
And write plaintive sonnets
On things that wear bonnets;
Don't venture to claim,
As the theme of your verse,
Our "mutual flame,"
The "star" of our farce.
For our drama is changed,
All its scenes are deranged:
The Prima is breathing
Her vows to some *one* thing,
And leaving us *two* things
To pine in vain musings.
Oh! Jim, did you ever,
In love-making weather,
Such folly discover?
What! marry another!
In sooth, now you may rhyme
Until your own grey-time,
And tell, through your pages,
To all coming ages,—
How the loves of *us twain*,
By a witch, (sure insane!)
Were slighted, to favor
One single, lone creature.
It was malice downright.
Thus our prospects to blight,—
And madness to choose *one*
Bleak heart, and refuse none,
In the place of *one two*,
So devoted, so true.
Ah! woman, thou art a
Strange compound most barren!
Dear Piper, is't not so?
Say'st yes? well, I thought so.
But my paper is well nigh
All gone, and now—"good bye." LY-RE.

Commencement.

The following epistle, though somewhat enigmatical, we insert, hoping its mysticisms can be penetrated by the parties concerned. Though the evident haste with which it was written may be some excuse, yet we would remind the author, that

> "Letters have often caused their writers
> "To curse the day they were inditers."

Cousin Jim,—

Commencement---animating, thrilling, glorious commencement, with all its pleasing associations and heart-expanding pleasures is gone. The din of business that lately rang through our thronged streets is succeeded by silence—midnight, sepulchral silence. The kind greetings of long absent friends, the cheerful countenances of our own true brothers, recognizing the same Alma Mater—the hurrying to and fro—the assembling to the students annual banquet and feast of mind—the outpourings of thought and sentiment—the faint praise and loud applause, the melodious songs and anthems of thanksgiving—the parties, the rides, and the serenades; yes, the anniversary of intellectual independence with its ten thousand joyous circumstances is among the things of the past. The flash of wit and the flush of beauty have flown leaving this dull town to ennui and me. As I pace through the deserted halls of my marble habitation, which lately rung forth the notes of joy and merriment, I involuntarily give vent to my feelings by the utterance of that soul-chilling word "loneliness," which is echoed and re-echoed by the responsive walls, "loneliness," "loneliness." Like Calypso mourning her lost Ulysses, I wander forth into the verdant fields, or clamber the neighboring eminence to catch a glimpse of some friend wending his way in the dim distance, and like her also in the same vain pursuit of consolation and cheerfulness. But hie thee, malignant hypochondria, to thy dark retreats, and one brief moment permit me to draw from a contemplation of the past that enjoyment which the envious present denies. Come, sweet retrospection, with quickened step, and banish the ungainly hypos, which have wantonly gamboled about my midnight couch and noonday walks, since last I bade you, Dear Jim, a long, perhaps eternal farewell. Yes, let us live over again those happy hours, too quickly sped, and again bask in the lustre of those sparkling eyes,—again listen to those burning words. But pen cannot record, nor paper speak it. Enough that mind can think it. Sufficient it is, that the little drama, in which to say the least, we performed a pleasant part, can be re-acted,—from the auspicious moment we gave the first salutation in yonder ——, till our sham friends became real friends, and all our pain, *champagne*.

But the spell which combined and enchanted so many kindred souls is now broken. The amusement over,—and yonder splendid king of day saw many a carriage bearing the beauty and gallantry, the delighting and delighted, to all the various points of the compass. Let what may be said about childish sensibility, there must be cast over the mind of every one, whose bosom acknowledges the control of the milder feelings, a melancholy sadness at parting from those to whom in the short voyage of life we have become attached, and whom we have no expectation of again beholding till our little barks land upon the shores of eternity. But prosperity attend them. One class, who have been with us cheering us forward in the rugged path of science, have left and launched forth.—Stop—one bumper—to them favorable breezes, and, whether "traverse and middle latitude sailing," an uninterrupted passage. There are others, dear Coz. whose name shall not be mentioned in the cold ceremony of toast drinking. The names—ay, you shall have them;—the rose—'No matter tho,' begin at that other list. Flowers you know I always admire. The language even of their silence is poetry, is music. Well then, one thought, if you please, more will not be objected to, upon our once favorite plants, the beautiful pink, the truly agreeable moss rose, the ever pleasing sensitive, the blooming myrtle, the lovely geranium, the modest and fascinating lily,—and may we not mention the ice plant, whose singularity of appearance excited our astonishment, though devoid of every attraction. But excuse this digression to which my admiration of nature's *gems* has allured me. I am of late subject to eccentricities and mental aberrations. To you I leave the decision, whether there's "method in this madness."—But we were speaking of names, ah! names; well, they are written on memory's tablet, why bring them forth to meet the vulgar gaze? Besides, the immortal bard hath said,

> "That which we call a rose,
> By any other name would smell as sweet,"

I have succeeded, by penning these few lines, in exiling from my bosom dark melancholy, who had there erected her throne, and wildly raised aloft her cruel sceptre. Before she again obtains possession, I hope to leave this dreary looking town and these desolate walls.

Yours &c.

WILLIAM REVIVING.

Items of News.

The annual Commencement of Middlebury College took place last Wednesday. The day was fine—the audience numerous and the exercises throughout interesting and well sustained. We can say with confidence that the Institution was never in a more prosperous condition, never looked to the future with more cheering prospects than at the present moment.. The number of students is constantly increasing.—The next class bids fair the be the largest that has entered for some years.

The following are the exercises at the the celebration of the Philomathesian and Beneficent Societies.

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

1. *Oration*—Ancient Classics, E. M. Barber.
2. *Literary Conference*—Influence of Civil Government upon Literature, H. Curtis.
3. *Oration*—Professional Eminence, N. O. Preston.
4. *Poem*—The Revolt of Mitylene, A. Smith.

BENEFICENT SOCIETY.

5. *Oration*—Systematic Benevolence, D. S. Sheldon.

The exercises on Commencement day were as follows:

FORENOON.

Salutatory Oration—(in Latin,) N. O. Preston, Rupert.

Oration—Infidel Philosophy, E. M. Barber, Benson.

Oration—Characteristics of the age, N. Barbour, Bridport.

Oration—Future Prospects of our country, B. Fancher, Bergen, N. Y.

Oration—Architecture, J. M. Hooker, Middlebury.

Oration—Influence of Imagination on Human Character and Happiness, D. Howard, Benson.

Oration—Efforts of Genius, G. C. Hyde, New-York City.

Oration—Prospective Eminence, E. Jones, Jr. Waitsfield, Vt.

Conference—Titles of Distinction, B. Fancher, Bergen, N. Y.

Oration—Discontent the source of Human Action, S. A. Kirby, Middlebury.

Oration—True Dignity of Character, B. W. Smith, Monkton.

AFTERNOON.

Oration, Philosophical, *(Natural,)*—Geology, D. S. Sheldon, Rupert.

Oration—Mental Slavery, D. H. Deacon, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oration—Mental Energy, E. H. Farrar, Fairfax.

Oration Philosophical, *(Intellectual,)*—Influence of Intellectual Discipline on Eloquence, A. Smith, Hartford, Conn.

Oration—The Lyceum, Mr J. M. Parker.

Degrees conferred.

Oration—Mental Improvement, with the Valedictory Address, H. Curtis, Granville, N. Y..

The followiug young gentlemen were the successful competitors for the Parkerian Premiums on Tuesday eve.—W. H. Starr 1st, and R. L. Galusha 2d, of the Freshmen; W. L. G. Smith 1st, and J. Hallock 2d, of the Sophomore; A. H. Post 1st, and H. H. Stewart 2d, of the Junior class.

The degree of *Bachelor of Arts* was conferred on the following young gentlemen, Allumni of the College, viz:

Edwin M. Barber, Nelson Barbour. Harvey Curtis, Daniel H. Deacon, Bela Fancher, Ephraim H. Farrar, John W. Hooker, Daniel Howard, George C. Hyde, Ezra Jones, Jr. Samuel A. Kirby, Nathaniel O. Preston, David S. Sheldon, Albert Smith, and Buel W. Smith.—15.

The degree of *Master of Arts* was conferred on the following gentlemen, Allumni of the College, viz:

Samuel W. Cozzens, Samuel Evarts, Amzi Jones, John Goodrich, Frederick W. Hopkins, Ira Pettibone, John M. Parker, John J. Owen, Ephraim Spaulding, Benjamin P. Stone, Wheelock S. Stone, David B. Tower, and Elijah Plumb.

The honorary degree of *A. M.* was conferred on the Rev. Joel Boyington, of Chazy, N. Y.; on the Hon. Dorastus Wooster, of Middlebury, and on Piermont Isham, Esq. of Bennington;—and the degree of *L. L. D.* on J. Bichusteth Williams, Esq. of Shrewsbury, England; and on Professor James L. Kingsley, of Yale College.

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University of Vermont, Burlington.—The annual Commencement of this Institution took place on Wednesday August 3d. The exercises by the Graduating Class were,

1. *Oration*—Influence of the different kinds of government upon the moral character of the people. H. Chaney, Barnard.
2. *Oration*—The duty of men of letters in relation to the press in a free country. G. Powell, Madrid.
3. *Oration*—General character and merit of the moral writings of Cicero. J. Fairchild, Georgia.
4. *Oration*—The irritability of Poets. Z. Bliss, Randolph.
5. *Oration*—Necessity of religious influence to promote the security and improvement of a republic. S. Lee, Jericho.
6. *Oration*—Motives and advantages for the study of eloquence in the United States. O. Martin, Underhill.
7. *Oration*—Some of the essential differences between men and brutes. C. Taylor, Stockholm, N. Y.
8. *Oration*—The means of mental cultivation and character of the social intercourse which existed in the middle ages. B. B. Newton, St. Albans.
9. *Oration*—The influence of an exclusive devotion to scientific pursuits on the developement of the mind. E. Seymour, Vergennes.

DIED,

In New-Haven on the 12th inst. Hon. Ezra Hoyt, aged 62.

In Charlotte, on the 4th inst. very suddenly, Amos Keeler, aged 39 years.